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THE
BATTLE
OF
BOTHWELL BRIGG,

A Scottish Romance,

IN TWO ACTS,

FOUNDED ON THE STORY OF *OLD MORTALITY*,

IN THE POPULAR "TALES OF MY LANDLORD,"

BY CHARLES FARLEY,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

LONDON:

Printed by G. AULD, Greville Street,

FOR JOHN LOWNDES, 25, BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1820.

[*Price Two Shillings.*]

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BY CHARLES BARNES

AS EDITOR OF THE

AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

1955

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES COLLEGE PARK, MARYLAND

1955

10-16-95

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10-16-95

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Evandale	Mr. DURUSET.
Colonel Graham, of Claverhouse	Mr. CONNOR.
Major Miles Bellenden	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Henry Morton	Mr. ABBOTT.
Gudyill, <i>Steward to Lady Bellenden</i>	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Douse Davie, <i>the Warder</i>	Mr. BARNES.
Cuddie Headrigg	Mr. EMERY.
Serjeant Bothwell	Mr. COMER.
John Balfour, of Burley	Mr. FARLEY.
Hackstown	Mr. FAUCIT.
Paton, of Meadowhead	Mr. MEARS.
Dingwell	Mr. NORRIS.
Macbriar	Mr. JEFFERIES.
Poundtext	Mr. TINNEY.
Major Allan	Mr. WHITE.
Lieutenant Frazer	Mr. VEDY.
Lieutenant Leslie	Mr. GRANT.
Cornet Graham	Mr. GOURIET.
Peasant	Mr. ATKINS.
Lady Margaret Bellenden	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Miss Edith Bellenden	Miss TREE.
Jenny Dennison	Mrs. T. HILL.
Mause Headrigg (<i>Cuddie's mother</i>).....	Mrs. CONNOR.
<i>Peasants, Soldiers, Rebels, &c.</i>	

EXPLANATION.

- R. H. *signifies* Right Hand.
 L. H..... Left Hand.
 S. E..... Second Entrance.
 U. E..... Upper Entrance.

BATTLE

OF

BOTHWELL BRIGG.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Castle of Tillitudlum, an ancient Gothic building, with round towers. The parapet above the gates practicable; a deep moat surrounds it. At the back, the river Clyde winds its course through a beautiful and romantic vale. DOUSE DAVIE is seen upon the ramparts, as looking upon the valley beneath. Loud distant shouts heard, various rustic characters enter (R. H. U. E.) huzzaing, and sing the following

CHORUS.

*Lads and Lasses, one and a',
Dance till ye be weary;
Ended now the Wappen Schaw,
Drink a cup to cheer ye.
To the houff we'll haste away,
Sport was never riper;
Captain o' the Popinjay,
Always pays the piper.
To the houff, &c.*

*He to-day wha won the prize,
Won a Lassie's favour;
Looks o' love frae Beauty's eyes,
Ne'er can bless a braver.
To the houff, &c.*

A rustic procession, headed by NIEL BLANE, the Piper, and GUYDILL, enter, U. E. R. H.

Guy. There, there, good people, peace, peace! No tumult; but away to the houff, with honest Niel Blane, piper and landlord, and drink a cup to the Captain o' the Popinjay; but no intemperance, d'ye mind; and then away quietly and steadily to your homes. Away, away! *[Music.*

[Exeunt NIEL BLANE and Peasants.

Enter DAVIE from the gates, as the procession goes off, L. H.

So, Davie, at last the castle is relieved,

Davie. And, troth, I'm nae sorry; for the gates ha' been as close shut as tho' we had been besieged. But tell me now, good Master Guydill, wha won the prize? — who's Captain o' the Popinjay?

Guy. A brave and noble lad as any in all Aydesdale; and one who will, I doubt not, bear away another prize of far mair value. It was young Mr. Henry Morton, of Millnwood.

Davie. Henry Morton, o' Millnwood! a brave lad sure enough: but then ye ken his father Silas Morton, that is dead and gone, was a staunch Nonconformist, a true Roundhead! Besides, Mr. Henry is poor, and dependant on an old miserly uncle. What chance can he have wi' Miss Edith, while the old Lady favours young Lord Evandale?

Guy. That's all very true, Davie; but a man should not make a wonder now-a-days of any thing, Davie. Our mistress and Miss Edith will be here in an instant. Lady Margaret Bellenden is not in one of her best humours, so in with you, and give notice; for if she finds any thing wrong in the castle, she'll raise a storm that will shake the very walls of Tillitudlum. So away!

[Exit DAVIE into the castle, L. H. U. E.]

Poor Miss Edith, by my troth, I am almost sorry at the success of young Millnwood; for I could see by her agitation, when he hit the bird, her own heart felt the wound thro' and thro'. Poor young Lady! I pity her; for what has Poverty to hope, opposed to rank and fortune? Lord Evandale, it is clear, loves her; and my Lady's notions of loyalty and attachment to government (notwithstanding her affection for Miss Edith) would never consent to an union with the son of the famed Silas Morton, of Millnwood. (*Huzzas! R. H. U. E.*) But here she comes, raving about that unlucky accident of poor Goose Gibbie, the ploughman, whom I was obliged, for want of a better, to appoint one of her men at arms.

Enter Lady MARGARET BELLENDEN, drest in a scarlet riding-habit, and a high-crowned hat and feathers, as worn in the time of Charles the Second, very formal and dignified, with a gold-headed cane, followed by Edith. They are preceded by domestics in armour and Mrs. JEN. DENNISON, R.H. U.E.

Lady M. So, Guydill, here you are, like a true avant courier. Are all the domestics of the castle apprized of our approach?

Guy. All, my Lady.

Lady M. 'Tis well. As for that Goose Gibbie, that disgrace to my loyal and industrious subjects, we discard him for ever from our service.

Edith. Dear, my Lady, the poor fellow was never before honoured with being cased in the family-armour of Tillitudlum. A poor gosherd, mounted on an obstinate blind plough-horse, forced into the midst of hundreds; — then can you wonder that the poor animal should make a hasty retreat, with his trembling rider?

Lady M. The Goth! A stain on the *gens des armes* of Tillitudlum! Where is my brother, the Major? Where can he loiter so long?

Jenny. I saw him, my Lady, in talk with the Captain of the Popinjay, young Mr. Henry Morton, my Lady.

Lady M. Captain indeed! I wonder government don't suppress those absurd Feats of Skill, as they are called.

Jenny. La, my Lady, it is pure sport, I'm sure! and one of the oldest in all Scotland. Then it is so charming, when the man one wishes, wins the prize, — is n't it, Miss Edith?

Lady M. Man one wishes! Young women should have no wishes.

Jenny. No, my Lady! — why not? I am sure, though I am glad that Mr. Henry Morton is Captain of the Popinjay, I wished all the while that Cuddie Headrigg might have won it.

Lady M. Cuddie Headrigg! — and why so?

Jenny. Because, because, my Lady, I thought, I thought, you said it was beneath a gentleman to condescend to partake of such sports.

Lady M. Cuddie Headrigg is a runagate; and his mother, Mause Headrigg, is anti-loyalist. He has left the Barony of Tillitudlum, and become ploughman to the old miser of Millwood, uncle to Captain Popinjay, as he is titled. — Captain indeed! I derogate from my dignity in even speaking of such people as your Millwoods and Headriggs. Lead the way to the hall; and you, Edith and Mrs. Jenny Dennison follow, and help me to unrobe, that I may appear

before Lord Evandale and Colonel Claverhouse, as befits the state of Lady Margaret Bellenden, of Tillitudlum.

CHORUS.

*Forward, away! Now give the word,
March, march to the Castle-hall;
Where beef and bannocks spread the board,
And ale and whiskey flow for all.*

Forward, away, &c.

[*As the Chorus is sung Exeunt, L. H. U. E.*]

SCENE II.

The Hall of the Castle.

Enter EDITH, L. H.

Edith. How unhappy a situation is mine! Lord Evandale's attentions are too evident to be misunderstood; but can I, with honour, listen to his addresses, while my heart is, I fear, fixed firmly on another? Poor Henry, must you be criminal, because the sentiments of your father were hostile to the present government? No, Henry, no; though poor and neglected, still one heart warms in friendship to you. Dare I utter it? — beats with affection, with love!

SONG. — EDITH.

*Ah! happy day! — ah! smiling morn,
When thy dear form first blest me;
I begg'd of Heav'n thy love's return,
Content if I possess thee.
I covet not the lordly state
That would with woe enfold me,
Sweet smiles of love can joy create,
Whilst, Henry, I behold thee.
Then all thy toils I'd gladly share,
E'en dangers dread surmounting;
The perils of the storm I'd dare,
Or with thee climb the mountain.
There would I sit and watch for hours,
With looks and sighs so tender;
Or deck thy brow with fairest flow'rs,
And from thee never wander!*

Enter JENNY DENNISON. R. H.

Jen. Oh, Miss Edith, I'm all over in a tremblification, from head to foot!

Edith. What's the cause, Jenny?

Jen. Oh Miss! as I hope one day to be called Mrs. Captain Popinjay; that is, if Cuddie Headrigg should prove best marksman next Wappen Schaw, and I'm sure no one can beat him at a shot but Mr Morton of Millwood——

Edith. Well, well, proceed.

Jen. Well, Miss, as I hope—I say, Miss, as I was looking out of your little back-room, over the north-turret, I saw a party of soldiers coming towards the Castle, with two men bound, and placed between them like prisoners.

Edith. Good Heaven! what can they be coming here for?

Jen. O Lord, Miss, I don't know; but Mr. Guydill, the butler went to inform my Lady of it, and she has ordered him to bring them before her here.

Lady Bellenden. (*without, L. H.*) King's soldiers! probably in want of refreshment.

Enter LADY BELLENDEN (drest) L. H.

Lady M. Go, Jenny Dennison, and bid Guydill bring the Commanding Officer in.

Jen. Yes, my Lady.

[*Exit JENNY, L. H.*]

Lady B. (*Crosses R. H.*) The king's soldiers are always welcome to what provision the Castle can afford, since his most sacred Majesty once did us the honour to take his *dejeuné* in the grand hall of Tillitudlum. An honour never to be forgotten while the line of Bellenden exists. Go, Edith; to your chamber, and make yourself ready to appear before Colonel Claverhouse, as befits the heiress of Tillitudlum.

[*Exit EDITH at door R. H. in flat.*]

Enter GUYDILL, shewing in Serjeant BOTHWELL; he bows very formally; Lady B. courtsies. L. H.

To what am I to ascribe the honour of this visit? and how can Lady Margaret Bellenden, of Tillitudlum be of service to the troops of his most gracious Majesty, Charles the Second?

Both. My Lady, we are well aware of the hospitality that has always been shewn within the walls of Tillitudlum to those who serve the king. Having in charge two prisoners of state, suspected of treasonable correspondence with that malignant Roundhead, John Balfour, of Burley, and not thinking it safe to pursue our route with so small a party to guard them, I have ventured to solicit lodgement for them and my men, till a reinforcement arrives.

Lady M. With the utmost alacrity I shall comply with your loyal request, Captain.

Both. Serjeant only, at your service; Serjeant James Bothwell, of the king's dragoons.

Lady M. Of the king's dragoons! I expect the gallant Colonel Claverhouse to arrive at the Castle, hourly.

Both. Indeed! that is most fortunate, as it will be the speediest way of obtaining his orders respecting our prisoners.

Lady M. (calling) Guydill, conduct this gentleman to an apartment, and receive his instructions respecting the persons under his charge. (*Crosses L. H.*) And d'ye mind, omit nothing that can shew the loyalty of the owner of the Castle of Tillitdum. (*Exeunt BOTHWELL and GUYDILL, R. H.*) Who can these state prisoners be! and what can detain Major Bellenden, my brother-in-law, at such a critical juncture as this! It is not his usual gallantry to quit the ladies so long.

Major. (without L. H.) Where, where's my Lady Margaret?

Lady M. O he's come at last!

Enter Major BELLENDEN in a hurried manner, L. H.

So, Major! to what am I to attribute this long delay in following me?

Major. Mille pardon, as the French have it, my Lady; but the jovial rogues of the Popinjay were all making so merry up at the houff, yonder, and drinking the health of the Captain, Henry Morton, that I could not resist the entreaty of honest Niel Blane, the host, to take an ale cup to the victorious Captain of the day.

Lady M. I wonder, Major, you can condescend to mix with such people!

Major. Pooh! my Lady, when an officer is off his duty he becomes a citizen; and we should never be too proud to take an honest cup with an industrious brother, because he has been less fortunate than ourselves. Egad! it was rare sport! Never saw a better marksman in all my campaigns than Henry Morton.— But I find, sister, the brave Colonel Claverhouse is to make a halt at the Castle to-day.

Lady M. I expect that honour, Major.

Major. I see you are busy in preparation.

Lady M. Yes, Major, all is to be in the same order as when his most excellent Majesty —

Major. Took his *dejeuné* at Tillitdum, eh? I remember it well; I then waited on his Majesty.

Lady M. You did, Major, and perhaps you can help me to remember the order of the entertainment.

Major. Nay, not I, in good sooth; but as I passed by the hall, I saw that you had even brought out the great Turkey-leather chair with the tapestry cushions placed in state.

Lady M. The throne, Major, if you please.

Major. Well, the throne be it then. Is that to be Claverhouse's post in the attack upon the pasty?

Lady M. No, Major, as those cushions have been once

honoured by accommodating the person of our most sacred Monarch, they shall never, please Heaven, during my lifetime, undergo *any less dignified* pressure.

[*Sound of trumpets at a distance, L.H.*

Hark! Major, hear you those sounds?

Major. Hear 'em! to be sure I do; and they make an old soldier's veins tingle again. [*Trumpets again, L.H.*

There again! Dismount, my boys! Sister, hark!

Sound an alarm — your silver trumpets sound.

Lady M. (*Crosses.*) I must away, brother, and do the honors of the Castle, in welcoming the brave Claverhouse, as becomes the Baroness of Tillitudlum.

Major. And I, sister, will attend you, as your *Mareschal de Loge*. Come, my Lady Margaret.

How merrily we live that Soldiers be, &c.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*

SCENE III.

The Grand Hall.

[*March.*

Thro' a Scene, or large folding doors, are seen a table laid out for breakfast, in the olden times, and at the head of the table is a high Turkey-leather chair.

Enter the Domestics of the Castle, headed by the Piper, playing a Scotch March — followed by Officers of Claverhouse's train, and the Major — then the Colonel, leading in Lady MARGARET, followed by EDITH, JENNY DENNISON, &c.

L.H. U.E.

Col. I know not how sufficiently to apologize to Lady Margaret Ballenden, for the little ceremony with which I have ventured to take up my quarters for a short time in her hospitable mansion.

Lady B. The House of Tillitudlum has ever been open to the servants of his Majesty; and, I trust, Colonel Graham, of Claverhouse, will honour us by taking such refreshments as it affords, considering his most sacred Majesty once condescended to take his *dejeuné* within these walls.

Major. Hem! she's at it!

Col. I fear, Lady Ballenden, you will find us too numerous a party; and I know Lord Evandale will suffer, when he learns he is deprived of the pleasure which we enjoy!

[*Looking at Edith.*

Lady B. Why don't you make a reply, girl? [*Aside.*] —

Edith Ballenden, Sir, has, from my retired mode of living, seen so little of those of her own sphere, that truly she can hardly frame her speech to a suitable answer. I hope we may expect the honor of his Lordship to take his *déjeuné* with us, since his most —

Major. Hem!

[*Pulling her by the sleeve.*]

Col. Lord Evandale was on his march, when I was obliged to detach him, to disperse a small party of rebels, who had the hardihood to assemble within five miles of my headquarters. These are smart times, Major, and it becomes a soldier to be on the alert. My Lady, with your leave, I must to business. Serjeant, bring in your prisoner. —

[*Exit Bothwell, R.H.*]

This is hard, my Lady, instead of partaking of your hospitality, to hold a Court-Martial; but, duty, duty, Major!

Major. Must be paramount. Place tables and seats, pens, ink, and paper, — quick!

[*They are placed by servants.*]

Edith. Jenny, let us unobserved quit this place. I know not why, but an unusual agitation has seized on me; I cannot witness this examination.

[*Exeunt Edith and Jenny, L.H.*]

Lady B. What! has Miss Edith left us?

Col. Oh! her nerves are too delicate for such scenes; but, I trust, as your Ladyship is Governor of the Castle, you will honour us with your presence. — Bring in your prisoner!

Enter BOTHWELL, with HENRY MORTON, guarded. R.H.

(*A general surprize and exclamation on his entrance.*)

Lady B. Henry Morton!

Major. Gracious powers! Can it be? Henry Morton of Millwood!

Henry. By what right is it, Sir, that these soldiers have dragged me from my family, and bound the limbs of a free man?

Col. By my command! and 'tis my command that you be silent, and hear my question!

Henry. I will know whether I am in lawful custody, and before a civil magistrate, ere the character of my country shall be forfeited in my person.

Major. Henry Morton, I grieve to see you here in such a business; yet, doubt not you can give sufficient proof of your innocence; but, remember, you are speaking to one of his Majesty's officers, high in the service.

Henry. It is for that very reason, Sir, that I desire to know what right he has to detain me without a legal warrant? Were he a civil officer of the law, I should know my duty was submission.

Col. Tell me directly — When saw you that accursed traitor, John Balfour, of Burley?

Henry. As I know no right you have to ask me that question, I decline replying to it.

Col. You confessed to Serjeant Bothwell that you saw and gave him shelter when the troops of your King were in pursuit of him. Why are you not so explicit with me?

Henry. Because I presume you are, from education, taught to understand the rights upon which you seem disposed to trample.

Col. Which supposed rights, *you* would vindicate with your sword, I presume?

Henry. Were I armed, as you are, and we were alone upon a hill-side, you should not ask me the question twice.

Major. Henry! Henry! you are too hasty: — consider!

Col. It is enough; your language corresponds with all I have heard of you; but you are the son of a soldier.

Henry. Aye, and a brave one! One, who never, during a long life of toil and trouble, forsook the cause he swore to defend!

Col. (*Comes down, R.H.*) Make your peace, then, with Heaven! your fate is sealed! Bothwell, lead him down to the court-yard, and draw up your party.

Lady B. Oh, Colonel Graham, spare him! do not repay my hospitality, by shedding his blood on the threshold of my doors.

Major. (*Crosses to him.*) Colonel Claverhouse, you must answer this violence! Don't think, tho' I am old and feeble, that my friend's son shall be murdered before my eyes with impunity! He is innocent of any act of treason, I'll pledge my life! and you must answer it.

Col. Be satisfied, Major, I WILL answer it! and you, madam, might spare me the pain of resisting this intercession for a traitor. I must do my duty. — It cannot be! Remove him for the present to the next apartment, and bring in the other prisoners.

[*Exeunt HENRY, BOTHWELL, and Guards, U.E. R.H.*

*Enter CUDDIE HEADRIGG and MAUSE HEADRIGG,
his Mother — both bound, L.H.*

Col. Now, fellow! what's your name?

Cuddie. Cuddie, an' your Honour pleases — Cuddie Headrigg.

Col. And who's that old hag, by you?

Cuddie. Hag! Oh! what this? this is my mither, Mause Headrigg, Sir.

Col. Stand forward, woman!

Cuddie. (*Holding her back.*) Whisht, mither, whisht! — Dinna speak! An' ye speak, we are both hang'd.

Col. Woman, what brought you to — ?

Cuddie. Lord help you, Sir, she's as deaf as Corralin; we canna mak' her hear day nor door! — Whisht, mither, whisht! or we shall both be cokt up behind a dragoon, on our way to the tolbooth!

Col. Listen, sirrah! — In whose employ are you?

Cuddie. Ploy! — Oh! who do I plough for, do ye mean? Why, I do plough for Mr. Morton, of Millnwood.

Col. Henry Morton?

Cuddie. Henry Morton! — what, Captain o' the Popinjay? Lord bless ye, no! for no so good a man! — his Uncle, old Morton, a miserly old —

Col. Peace! — Tell me when you saw John Balfour, of Burley?

Cuddie. Balfour! When did I see him? I hae na' seen him mony a day; he is to be seen but just when it suits him.

Col. Was he not, but two nights since, concealed by Henry Morton at Millnwood?

Cuddie. I dinna ken; he did na' tell me so.

Col. Bothwell! When you searched the house, what did you find to lead you to suppose Balfour, of Burley, had been there?

Both. On searching the outer-barn, in a corner, among some pea-straw, we found this scroll.

Col. Speak, fellow! Know you that writing?

Cuddie. Please your Honour, I canna read penn'd print.

Col. Shew it the woman! Tho' she is deaf, she is not blind.

Cuddie. Lord bless ye! she could na' see a letter, not gif they were as lang as my arm.

Both. Stand back! Now, old warlock — do ye ken this?
[*Shewing her the paper.*]

Cuddie. Nay, then, she has her legs o'er the harrow now! She has just made it clear, and out it comes! — We are ruined, horse and foot!

Mause. (*In a violent burst.*) Ah! 'tis the work o' the true ones — Poundtext, Macbee, Balfour —

Cuddie. Whisht, mither, or —

Mause. Haud your tongue, you cowardly loon! I will speak; and if ye had testified wi' your hands, as I have testified wi' my tongue, they should never hae hauled the precious young lad awa to captivity, for protecting and giving shelter to one of the rightful.

Col. (*Comes down R.H.*) Mean you Balfour, of Burley?

Mause. Aye, John Balfour of Burley, — the defender of the good cause! The scourge to the leopards and foxes! Ye night-wolves, that prey on the bones and the marrow —

Col. It is enough! Away with him!

Cuddie. I tauld ye what would be the upshot o't, mither, whene'er you could get in three words.

Mause. I will speak my thoughts!

Cuddie. Hout, hout, mither! ye hae spake too much already; so come awa', come awa'! Could ye na' just hae been blind as well as deaf? Come awa'! — for there's a halter ready for both our thrapples.

[*They are hurried off,*

Cuddie trying to prevent his mother speaking, R. H.

Col. Now, Major, what think you?

Major. The ravings of a mad enthusiast! I still will answer for the innocence of Henry Morton, of Millwood.

[*Trumpet.*

Enter GUYDILL, shewing in Lord EVANDALE, L. H.

Col. (*crosses to him.*) Ah, my Lord Evandale! in good time. Dispatches?

Lord E. A packet from Glasgow. A messenger overtook me in my road, his horse breathless and foaming, and the man himself scarce able to utter more than that the dispatches were of the utmost moment, and must be delivered into your hands by the swiftest means, — I therefore mounted my horse, to be myself the bearer of 'em.

Col. Ever the foremost, my Lord; I thank you for your speed. [*He breaks open the packet in haste, and seems agitated.*

Lord E. Lady Ballenden, your pardon, that in the performance of my duty, I omitted paying you my respects. Noble Major, your hand. Why, these looks are not the same I have been used to meet in your hospitable mansion: — there's no serious cause, I hope?

Lady B. Lord Evandale, it is with the utmost —

Col. (*bursts forth.*) Bothwell, bring forth your prisoner! The merciless blood-hounds! This exceeds every act of atrocity yet committed!

Lady B. Colonel —

Lord E. My friend, what mean you?

Enter HENRY MORTON guarded, U. E. R. H.

Henry Morton a prisoner!

Col. These dispatches inform me of a party of the disaffected having, two nights since, at Magus Muir, surrounded the carriage of the venerable Archbishop of St. Andrew, and with the most inhuman ferocity, left him a bleeding and a breathless corpse! (*All shew horror.*) Now, Major, can you defend these lawless ruffians? — who neither respect the grey-headed divine, nor the helpless innocent!

Major. I plead for no assassin; nor should vengeance fall on slender evidence.

Col. What call you slender? Listen! 'Tis thought this act was committed by that fiend John Balfour o' Burley. Strong parties are flocking towards his lurking-place; and that a powerful reinforcement is expected, headed by the son of the famous old Roundhead, Colonel Silas Morton.

Major. How!

Henry. Hear me, Colonel. By all the powers of truth, I was as ignorant, till this moment, of this rash and cruel murder, as yourself! I never saw the supposed perpetrator of this horrid deed, but for an hour; and, oh! accursed be the hour when my evil star directed him to my uncle's door, — faint and famishing with hunger, — demanding assistance for having preserved my father's life. Could I, whate'er his faults, — ought I to have denied him?

Major. He is innocent! I pledge my life, Henry Morton is innocent! I'll answer for him as I would for my own son!

Col. That must be proved, Major; but he must away with me (*Exeunt HENRY and guards R. H.*) Lord Evandale, where are these ruffians lurking?

Lord E. But a few miles off; on Loudon Hill.

Col. What may be their strength?

Lord E. The accounts differ, — probably, a thousand men.

Col. Then it is time for us to be up and doing too. Bothwell, bid them sound to horse! Officers, to your posts; and desire Major Allan to lead the regiment forward to Loudon-Hill, by the best and shortest way. Lord Evandale and I will follow. [*Exit BOTHWELL, R. H.*]

Major. But, Colonel, surely Henry Morton may —

Col. Major, I must not hear you on the subject.

Major. Colonel, Colonel, there may come a time when I will be heard!

Col. Lady Ballenden, for your hospitality accept my thanks: my duty compels me to the part I take. If Henry Morton be guilty, the law must take its course; if the charge be not clearly proved, he shall not want a friend in Claverhouse! [*Exeunt Colonel G. Lord E. Henry Morton, &c. R. H.*]

Major and Lady B. L. H.

SCENE IV.

A Gallery, with various Doors.

Enter EDITH, R. H.

Edith. Gracious power, it cannot be! Henry Morton accused before Colonel Claverhouse of treason! Impossible! he has never interfered in these unhappy dissensions; he is innocent! He is too noble, too virtuous, to become an assassin!

Lord EVANDALE without, R. H.

Lord E. Lead your own men round by the bank of the river; and there halt them till I join you.

Edith. Evandale's voice! I'll implore his aid. For, for whom? His rival. Can I in honour engage him in such a service? Can I behold the object most dear to me sacrificed? Oh, no! the moment is too precious for deliberation!

Enter Lord EVANDALE, R. H.

Lord E. Miss Ballenden. At once I meet my pleasure and my regret: — pleasure in thus meeting; and regret that Duty bids me quit you on the instant.

Edith. You are about to leave the castle then, my Lord?

Lord E. This instant; and for a scene which is not without its dangers. The rebels are in arms, and my duty calls.

[*Crosses to L. H.*]

Edith. I hope, sincerely trust, there is no danger; and that you will speedily return, to be what you ever must, the dear and valued friend of all in this castle.

Lord E. *All!* Whatever is near you, is dear indeed to me!

Edith. My Lord, I have a request — a favour. Dare I say a —

Lord E. Miss Edith may lay her commands on all within my poor ability to grant. Speak! How can I serve you?

Edith. The young man, who is a prisoner — his friends have implored my aid with your Lordship in his behalf: he is also most dear to my uncle. Your interest must be great with your Colonel. Let me entreat your intercession in his favour, — it will confer on my uncle a lasting obligation.

Lord E. And why not on yourself? If I have the power to befriend him, he shall not suffer. The name of the person you interest yourself for, is —

Edith. Henry Morton, my Lord.

Lord E. The young gentleman who gained the prize, is it not?

Edith. Ye — Yes, my Lord.

Lord E. A victor ought to have interested so fair a spectator more deeply, and — Shame, Evandale! let not so mean a passion as envy step between thy love and the calls of Humanity! My word is pledged, Miss Edith, and I will not forfeit it.

Edith. Oh! my Lord, the blessing of the unfortunate — the grateful thanks of a veteran soldier, and the unutterable affection of a simple girl, reward you for the deed!

DUET. — EDITH and Lord EVANDALE.

Edith. *What bliss to know for others woe
The gentle heart is beating!
The joy I feel I'd fain reveal,
My grateful heart's repeating.*

Lord Evan. *My proffer'd love with life I'd prove;
But should you bless another,
In friendship's ties for you I'd die,
Or love you as a brother.*

Edith. *I cannot e'er suppose a change in one so true;
Tho' my heart your love oppose,
Let me find a friend in you.*

Lord Evan. *O! do not suppose a change in one so true,
Tho' your heart my love oppose!
Still I'll prove a friend to you.*

Exeunt Lord EVANDALE, L. H.; EDITH, R. H.

SCENE V.

A Wild rocky Pass.

*BOTHWELL and the Royal Troops halting on their March,
with HENRY MORTON bound.*

Both. Halt! King's blood must keep word. I promised you should be civilly treated, so far as rested with me; and I have received the orders of Lord Evandale to treat you kindly, — so there, your arms are at liberty. Corporal Inglis, bring up the other young fellow, Cuddie Headrigg; and you may permit them to converse together; but if they attempt an escape, blow their brains out! You cannot call

that using you uncivilly; and, Inglis, couple up the Parson and the old woman back to back: they are fittest companions for each other.

*Enter CUDDIE HEADRIGG, his arms bound,
followed by two men, R. H.*

Cuddie. Why, what the De'il do ye mean to do next? My arms do so ache! Do, that's good fellows, take out this wooden-skewer for a few minutes, and untruss me! Ah, Cuddie, Cuddie! Woes the day when ye quitted Tillituddlum for —— Ah! Mr. Morton, was there ever the like o' this? that decent folk should be hauled thro' this country as if they were a warld's wonder, or some outlandish beast!

Henry. I am sorry to see you here, Cuddie.

Cuddie. And sae am I, Mr. Henry, both for mysel and yee; but neither of our sorrows will do much good, that I can see. For my part, I have nae right to be here awa', for I never did nor said a word against King nor Curate; but my mither, poor body, could nae haud the auld tongue o' hers; and we maun baith pay for't, its like.

Henry. Is your mother their prisoner likewise?

Cuddie. In troth, is she. Yonder, bound back to back wi' that auld carle o' a minister they ca' Gabriel Kettledrummel. De'il, that he had been in the inside of a drum, or a kettle either, for my share of him! — and that the black fiend himsel had flown awa' wi' that John Balfour, o' Burley, ere ye had gat lodgement at Millnwood!

Henry. Do not remind me of the act, Cuddie.

Cuddie. Well, well, I hae done, Mr. Henry; ye've enow to think on without him. It was sair times for you to be dragged like a sheep before that wolf Clavehouse; — up to the castle too o' Tillituddlum! — and a sair heart o' my ain to see that Hell-cat trooper, Tam Halliday, kissing Jenny Denison afore my face! I wonder a woman can hae the impudence to let a red coat touzle her top-knots! I ne'er could bide a red coat. Mr. Henry, think ye there wad be any ill in getting out o' these chields hands, an' we could compass it?

Henry. None; and if an opportunity occurs, depend upon it, Cuddie, I will not let it slip.

Cuddie. I'm blythe to hear ye say so; and Cuddie Headrigg's the lad that will never fear to lay it on, if it were to come to that.

[Trumpets heard.]

Both. 'Tis the commanding officer. Fall in, and secure your prisoners.

*Enter Colonel GRAHAM, Lord EVANDALE,
Major ALLAN, &c. R. H.*

Col. Thus far we have proceeded without meeting these rebels. Are our out-posts well appointed?

Both. All placed according to your directions.

Col. These wolves crouch in their caves. We must be cautious. They fear to give us warning of approach.

Lord E. Let them but shew themselves, we'll hunt them down, Colonel.

Col. It is thought Balfour is with them, and others of military skill; but we must not deal with them like true sons of Mars: they acknowledge no laws of war. The leaders have all been most active in the murder of the venerable Prelate; and as the dogs fight with a rope round their necks, they'll grant no quarter. So, lads, up and forward!—Shoulder to shoulder for your King and your laws! and a commission to the brave lad that lodges the first bullet!

During the latter part of this speech a Rebel is seen on one of the projecting rocks to level his carbine: he fires and hits the Colonel. The beat-to-arms is given, and a desperate Battle ensues. Henry and Cuddie set themselves free, and join in it. The contest is most obstinate; but, in the end, the soldiers are worsted.

(BOTHWELL and BALFOUR meeting.)

Both. You are the murdering villain, John Balfour, of Burley.

Balf. I am John Balfour, who swore to lay thy head where thou shouldst never lift it again; and we part not now till I have redeem'd my oath.

Both. You escaped me once on that night at Millwood; but to-day, a bed of heather, or 1000 marks for thy head!

Balf. Then win them if thou canst.

[*They fight, Bothwell is defeated, and totters off, L.H.*

(BALFOUR and Lord EVANDALE meet).

Lord Evandale is overcome, and is about to be dispatched by a Rebel, when Henry rushes between them, and exclaims,

Henry. Spare his blood for my sake, Henry Morton, of Millwood, who so lately sheltered Balfour of Burley.

Balf. (letting go his hold). Henry Morton! Did I not say that the son of Silas Morton would come forth in the good cause? Welcome, as one of the elect!—but for this scourge to our land, I've sworn to extirpate—

Henry. Hold! I owed my life to him. My life, which was endangered solely by my having sheltered you! To

shed his blood, when he is wounded and unarmed, and can offer no resistance, is not only abhorrent to God and man, but base ingratitude to me.

Balf. Thou art the son of Silas Morton, my brave companion in arms! — for no other being would I spare the life of this southern dog! I grant him quarter at thy entreaty. (*shouts*). But see, they fly, like the panting deer chased by blood-hounds! Up, up, and pursue! — abide my return here, — I must away and complete this good day's work, even till these destroyers are consumed from the face of the land!

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Henry. Are you wounded, my Lord?

Lord E. Slightly. But is it possible? — do I owe my life to Mr. Morton?

Enter CUDDIE, in haste, U. E. R. H.

Cuddie. The Lord preserve us! Ne'er be wi' me, if they are not killing every one of the wounded and prisoners!

Henry. Cuddie, haste! See, yonder is a stray horse! Catch him, if possible, — quick! quick!

Cuddie. I'll hae him, ne'er fear. [*Exit, L. H.*]

Henry. You must not trust your life with these infuriated men. Are you able to pursue your retreat?

Lord E. I think I am; but reflect on what you hazard: — this act may cost you your life.

Henry. Think not of that, — the reverence in which they hold the name of Silas Morton will be a protection for his son.

Lord E. And is it possible, Morton, you can be a traitor?

Henry. No, no; believe me, I never had a thought of mixing with these misguided men; but, as it is, I may, perchance, serve my country, and bring them back to their duty.

Cuddie without, L. H.

Cuddie. I have him! I have him, Master Henry!

Henry. Lose not an instant! Away!

Lord E. (*crosses to L. H.*) Henry Morton, this makes us more than friends. While I have life, I will never forget this generous act! Farewell. [*Exit, L. H.*]

Henry. Farewell! Ah! see, see, he mounts! Good angels guard and guide him! [*Looking off.*] He is safe!

Enter CUDDIE, huzzaing, L. H.;

at the same time enter several of Balfour's men.

1st Rebel. Ah! the prisoner has escaped,

2d Rebel. Down with 'em! Gi'em a taste o' cold steel!

Cuddie. Thank ye! I ha' no stomach for it. What would ye hae had us do? Had we aught to stop a man wi', that had two pistols and a broad sword as long as a coulter? Ye should nae ha' left us wi' him, and then he wad nae escaped!

1st Rebel. Cut them down, I say!

Enter BALFOUR and Followers, R. H.

Balf. Hold! Why, how now?

1st Rebel. The southern Lord has escaped.

Balf. Mount, and pursue him! He cannot elude us, thus surrounded. *[Exit one of the party, L. H.]*

Henry. A party of dragoons came up and bore him off, on the instant of your departure; and, being unarmed, we could offer no resistance.

Cuddie. And but for this laddie o' the cold steel, wad hae carried off Cuddie Headrigg with him.

1st Rebel. 'Tis all a cloke to save their own lives: — so down wi' 'em!

Balf. Touch them not! harm them not, I say! 'Tis Balfour of Burley commands! Victory, victory, and the good old cause!

CHORUS.

Loud and cheerily raise each voice!

Swell high the note, — rejoice! rejoice!

The field is won!

The work is done!

That gives us back our rights and laws!

The foes they flee!

Our watch-word be,

A heather-bed, or the good old cause!

[Exit.]

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Rocks among the winding Clyde. The men of Burley discovered, dispersed in various picturesque groups, round different fires, at which they are dressing their meals; some under rude coverings, formed as tents. In the back-ground, on the banks of the river, are seen the cavalry, some of the horses at the piquet. TIME, Early morning; the sun rises and reflects its rays on the waters, and on the distant hills. HENRY MORTON discovered seated under a large tree, over which is thrown something, by way of cover.

Hen. To what goal will my fate drive me! I am here the associate of lawless men, the companion of rebels and murderers. Oh, Edith! fatal was the hour when this Burley, like my evil genius, came to blight my dawning hopes of bliss. I am now severed from thee, from every hope of happiness. (*Bugle without.*) But Burley comes. Now, Hypocrisy, though hard to carry thy smooth and lying face, yet, for the sake of truth and loyalty, aid and assist me. [*Bugle.*

Enter BALFOUR, R. H.

Balf. Already awake! it shews a zeal to tread in the path before you, like the son of your great father. I come to inform you that the council (considering the son of Silas Morton can never prove lukewarm in the good cause) have nominated you a captain of their host, with a right of vote.

Hen. Mr. Balfour, when'er I lead my force to the charge, then, then I will prove my attachment to the true cause.

[*Bugle, a confused noise.*

Balf. See, the leaders in the great work of freedom are approaching.

Enter HACKSTOWN, PATON, CLEALAND, and others.

L. H. S. E.

Balf. Partners in sufferings and in victory, behold our new associate.

All. Welcome, welcome.

Hen. Now to business. What shall be our future course? How shall we follow up the good work, so well begun on the Hill of Loudon?

Balf. It is my advice that we, this instant, march against the mansion of Lady Margaret Bellenden.

Hen. (*Aside.*) Gracious powers the very spot that contains all that my heart holds most dear!

Balf. That strong-hold commands the pass between the more wild and fertile parts of the country, and will afford a strong place of rendezvous to our followers.

Hacks. What are their means and men of defence?

Balf. Weak enough, with the exception of Miles Bellenden, of Charnwood, only a few domestics.

Hen. (*Aside.*) My good and worthy patron, must he too fall by the hands of these ruffians?

Hacks. If that be Miles Bellenden, brother of the late Sir Arthur, he is one, though old, whose sword is powerful in fight.

Balf. 'Tis the better; I like to encounter such. But they were ever a fierce and malignant house, and sworn enemies to the good cause; let us forward then, and thrust them from it.

Hacks. In my judgment, it is ill advised. Why not follow up our advantage by occupying Glasgow? The troops we beat on Loudon Hills, even joined by Lord Ross's, will scarcely judge it safe to wait our coming.

Hen. Heaven second the thought! I am with Hackstown. Why should we engage in a siege which may consume time?

Balf. Henry Morton, the tower of Tillitulum must be occupied. It may be, that they will give it over to our mercy; if not, let the sword do its work of blood.

Hen. (*Aside.*) The monster!

Hacks. I do not like it.

Balf. And why not?

Hacks. I say, I do not approve your plan, 'tis waste of time; I uplift my voice against it.

Balf. You forget, Hackstown, that yours is not the general voice: you have but a single vote.

Hacks. And you John Balfour, forget we have equal power.

Balf. Our power is equal; but whose sword should carry most weight. Who was it at Loudon Hill that won the good day? Whose head was it planned the attack? Whose single arm tore away the standard of our persecutors? Whose single dirk was it, as he lay prostrate on the earth on Magus Muir, stabbed the eternal foe to our cause, St. Andrew's holy prelate? Who's but John Balfour's.

All. True. Burley! Burley! huzza!

Hen. And I am the preserver of this man's life!

Hacks. Well, to the council; let the majority decide.

Balf. Agreed, come, Morton, you have a voice. Go with me.

Hen. I will but give some directions to my man, and follow instantly.

Balf. At yonder small hovel, to the left of the hill, you will find us,—do not delay; come. [*Exeunt, L. H. U. E.*]

Hen. Gracious powers! how shall I give them notice at the Castle, of this intended attack? I must, at all hazards, apprise them of it. Cuddie, he may, perhaps, effect it.

Enter CUDDIE, drest in Bothwell's clothes, R. H.

Cuddie. Ah, Mister Henry, ye see that I am another sort o' a man to what I was a while ago. I hae begun the campaigning trade; and here, on my back, hangs a part o' the geer o' Mister Serjeant Bothwell, who the Lord forgee, is gone to rest wi' his ancestors, as he caud 'em. Yonder he lies, as dead as our auld mare, Maile. So I thought to make mysel his heir; so I ripped his pockets, as he had done many an honest man's. "Take turn and turn about, quoth Tam o' the Linn," ye ken Mister Henry.

Henry, during this, has been writing in his pocket-book.

Hen. Cuddie, I think, I may rely on your attachment to me.

Cuddie. Ye are right, Mister Henry, ye are right. I'll prove it wi' the last breath o' my body, and the best drop o' my blood.

Hen. I believe you, and confide in you. This Balfour means to attack the Castle.

Cuddie. The Lord preserve and save us! attack the Castle!

Hen. Cuddie, convey this note to Major Bellenden, it will inform him of the intentions of Burley, and he may, perhaps, by the natural means afforded by the strength of the Castle, hold out till succour may arrive; or, at least, remove the females to a place of safety.

Cuddie. Say nae mair; gie me the letter, and gif I do not do your bidding, ye'll never see Cuddie Headrigg mair. The Major shall have it. If he has clapped to the gates, I'll get in at the pantry window; mony a time I hae creepit into it, to have a tousil wi' Jenny Dennison; and gif I meet with Tam Halliday, now I am a sodger like himsel, we may chance to hae a bout the gither. Odd! if fighting will do any good, Cuddie Headrigg will stand to 'em while he can raise his arm.

Hen. Do not waste time, I dread to think how little we may have to spare. Speed, Cuddie, speed. [*Exit, L. H.*]

Cuddie. Attack the Castle o' Tillitudlum! Oh, my poor Jenny Dennison! I'll save her frae the hands o' these bloodhounds, or Cuddie Headrigg shall swallow a bullet, or get six inches o' cauld steel in his stomach for a breakfast. Oh Jenny, Jenny Dennison!

Exit, L. H.

SCENE II.

Grand Hall of the Castle, with a large window, and a long and practicable balcony. A distant view of the Clyde below it.

Enter Lady MARGARET and Major, R.H.

Lady M. You are wrong, brother, the Colonel ought to have remembered, brother, that the Barony of Tillitudlum has the baronial privilege of Pit and Halter; and if the young man must suffer, he ought to have been delivered up to my baillie, justified at his sight.

Major. Martial law, sister, supercedes every other; but, so long as the young fellow's life is saved, I can comfort myself. I must remain your guest for the day, sister, for I long to hear the result of this gathering on Loudon Hill.

Lady M. (*Crosses to R.H.*) We are well pleased you will stay, brother: I will take my old privilege, to look after my household.

Major. O, I hate ceremony as I hate a stumbling horse!

[*Exit Lady MARGARET, R.H.*]

Poor Edith! I wonder what has become of her; I have not seen her the whole morning. She did not make her appearance at the *dejeuné*, as my lady sister will always have.

Enter GUDYILL alarmed, and in haste, L.H.

Oh! Gudyill! Why, what the devil ails you? You puff and blow like a trumpeter's horse, after a quick charge.

Gudy. Oh, Sir! Oh, Major! its a' o'er!

Major. What's over?

Gudy. The battle; and the Roundheads hae won the day. Clavers is taken; some say killed; the soldiers are dispersed, and the rebels are hasting this way, threatening death to a' that are under the walls of Tillitudlum.

Major. I'll not believe it, its a lie! the royal dragoons fly before rebels! I'll not believe it, Gudyill; send out Pike, and one or two of the servants for intelligence; and let all the men in the castle and the village take up arms. This old tower may keep the puritanical dogs in play; so, look what provision you have, or can get brought in; and if the news be really *true*, knock down as many bullocks as you have salt for. The well never goes dry. There are some old-fashioned guns on the battlements. If we had but ammunition, we should be able to pepper the crop-eared dogs, I warrant you.

Gudy. The soldiers left some casks of ammunition at the Grange this morning, to bide their return.

Major. Haste! haste! bring it into the castle, with every pike, sword, pistol, or gun, that is within our reach; don't leave a flail or pitchfork behind ye. Bid the maids fill up all the windows with beds, mattresses, pillows, bolsters, and blankets. Away with you! [*Exit Gudyill, L.H.*]

Enter Lady MARGARET BELLENDEN and EDITH, R.H.

Lady M. Oh, Major! This is sad news! Oh, the poor child Edith!

Major. What, its all true, then!—but don't be cast down, sister. The place is strong, and my brother's house shall not be made a den of thieves and rebels while old Miles Bellenden is in it. My hand is weaker than it was; but, I thank my old grey hairs, that I have that. I've not forgot the art of war yet. Sister, you and Edith had better return to my house, at Charnwood, while we have the means of sending you there.

Lady M. No, brother, no; if the old castle is to be held out, I am resolved to take my chance with ye, and end my pilgrimage in it; for, please Heaven, they shall never drive Margaret Bellenden from her own hearth-stone while there's a brave man that says he can defend it.

Major. Well, it may, on the whole, be the safest course both for you and Edith.

Lady M. Major, I appoint you Seneschal of Tillitudlum, and I trust you will defend it as becomes a house in which his most sacred Majesty has condescended to take his *dejeuné*:—an honour——

Major. Pshaw! sister, we have no time to speak about the king and his breakfast now. I'll away and inspect the works. Here Gudyill, Pike, I'll have them all on the ramparts, even Goose Gibby must bear arms on such an occasion.

[*Jenny screams without.*]

Major. What the devil's the matter now?

Lady M. Mercy on us, Major, they are coming.

Major. Are they? Gudyill! Pike! stand to your guns; We'll make 'em pay toll, as they pass the houff.

Enter JENNY screaming, R. H.

Why, what ails you, Jenny?

Jenny. They are in the castle. I saw one of them pop his head in at the little winnock, and while he was forcing his body after it, I caught some kail-broth aff the kitchen fire, and gave it him scalding hot, o'er head and shoulders.

Gudyill. (without, L. H.) Bring him before the Major.

Major. Ay, ay, bring him here. [Exit, L. H.]

Jenny. There! there! they hae got 'im.

Enter Major, followed by GUDYILL and two men, who are forcing on CUDDIE, his face and clothes are covered with brose, L. H.

Major. Bring the rascal this way!

Cuddie. Well, but, good Major Bellenden—— } *Entering.*

Major. Tie the rascal's hands.

Cuddie. Tie my hands an' ye will, but let me hae the use o' my tongue.

Jenny. Cuddie, Cuddie Headrigg!

Cuddie. Ah, Jenny, Jenny Dennison!

Major. Who, who did you say? Cuddie Headrigg! why, an't ye the fellow that was examined before Colonel Claverhouse?

Cuddie. The same misfortunate youth.

Major. And in those clothes! how came you by them?

Cuddie. Lawful perquisites, military profits, the spoils of war, the dead didna want them, and the living did; so I took them.

Major. And what brought you to this castle?

Cuddie. The orders of my commanding officer.

Major. And who is your commanding officer?

Cuddie. One, that this morning was only Captain Popinjay, and is now General Henry Morton.

Major. What, join'd with Burley?

Cuddie. Yes; and has dispatched me with a flag of truce.

Major. It is a lie! I'll not believe it. Henry Morton joined with rebels, and fighting against his king and the laws. I'll not believe it!

Cuddie. So I told him; so they'll not believe a word on't, said I, up at the castle.

Major. Where, where, is this flag of truce?

Cuddie. Unskewer my arm, and I'll gi' it ye.

Major. Loosen his arms.

(*The two men at arms untie him.*)

Now then your commission?

Cuddie. There they are, your Honour.

Major (reading). "Dear respected Major, I've scarce time to write more, than since the fatal termination of Loudon-Hill, the enemy have appointed me to a command. Let not reports deceive you: I will so use the power they have given me, to serve my king against these misguided men. The

cruel Balfour meditates an instant attack on the castle. On receipt of this, depart, I implore ye, to some retreat of safety, with those most dear to you, and Henry Morton." I said it, I knew it, I always said Henry Morton was a true and loyal lad; and tho' his father was once wrong, yet, be it remembered too, he was once right. Edith, kiss me. Henry is innocent. Kiss me, Jenny, too.

Cuddie. Oh, Jenny, Jenny, false, false! from the corporal to the major, false to poor Cuddie!

Major. Cuddie, my lad, you must not mind the rough reception we gave you. Now, the news; do you know any thing of Lord Evandale?

Cuddie. Only that Mr. Henry saved his life; only that Cuddie popp'd him upon the back of a trooper's horse, and saw him gallop off at full speed, away from the enemy.

Edith. Henry!—did Henry save his life?—the life of Lord Evandale?

Cuddie. Ah, Miss Edith, just in the nick too; for that tiger Balfour had him down, and had his poker o' cold steel within an inch o' his body, when Mister Henry catch'd hold o' his arm, and begg'd him to spare his life.

Edith. Bless him for it! His debt to Evandale then is cancelled.

Major. Where is Lord Evandale?

Cuddie. Nay, that's mair than I ken.

Major. When may we expect these crop-ears to visit us?

Cuddie. Sooner than ye list; for I heard Balfour gie orders for the attack to be made on the castle as soon as the men had gather'd their breath and cramm'd their stomachs.

Major. Indeed! then we must be alert, and prepare for the coming of these canting scoundrels. By St. George, I'll give 'em a repast they will not easily digest! Here, Gudyill, Pike, Goose Gibbie, where are ye all? [*Exit Major, L. H.*]

Lady M. And I'll go summon the females: please Heaven, they shall all bear arms! Here, Jenny, Margaret.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Jenny. There, Miss, I told you it was true.

Edith. Cuddie, when must you return?

Cuddie. Directly, Miss; and as fast, Miss, as a jaded nag can carry me.

Edith. I will but detain you while I pen a few lines to your master. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Cuddie. Oh, Jenny Dennison! did I think ye would hae gi'en me sic a welcome? Such a waste o' good victuals, when they're like to be so scarce!—If you had pour'd the broth into my stomach, there'd a' been no harm done.

Jenny. La! Cuddie, how the De'il should I think o' ye popping in your head o' that fashion in at the winnock? I took ye for one o' the robber men.

Cuddie. Oh! Jenny, Jenny, how dare you look me in the face, after letting that Tam Haliday touzle ye a' the way he did, when I and my poor mither were put upon our *examination*? Had ye no bowels, Jenny, for poor Cuddie? Fie for sheam on ye!

Jenny. Tam Haliday! Lord, Cuddie, what can a poor lassie do when a *sodger*-lad is in the mind? — eh, Cuddie!

Cuddie. Ye are right, Jenny: I am a *sodger*-lad now; and so, — here goes. (*runs up and kisses her*).

Enter EDITH (with a letter in her hand) R. H.

Edith. Why, Jenny! Cuddie!

Jenny. Miss, I, I, — Cuddie, I think, is beside himsel, since he hae become one of the *sodger*-folk.

Cuddie. Only going thro' the salute, Miss Edith.

Edith. Give this to your m^aster; and there is something for yourself, Cuddie.

Cuddie. Nay, nay, Miss, I take the letter, because I would nae give offence to your Ladyship; but I shall make Jenny Dennison my banker. There, Jenny, keep that till we meet again, lassie; and I'll take another kiss soon for security.

Jenny. Shame, Cuddie.

Cuddie. Now for another jolt on the back o' that old trooper. Egad! his sides must pay for it. I maun be back again o'er dike and heather, or the Devil, Balfour, will miss me. Oh, Jenny, Jenny, fare ye weel, my bonnie lassie!

Exit Cuddie, L. H.

Lady MARGARET (without) R. H.

Lady M. Mrs. Jenny Dennison.

Edith. It is my aunt's voice. Away, away, Jenny!

Jenny. Rat the fellow, he has so bewildered me, I'm asham'd to see my Lady.

Lady M. (again.) Jenny Dennison, I say.

Jenny. Coming, coming, my Lady. [*Exit. R. H.*]

Edith. Thank Heaven, Henry is innocent! and let whatever danger may threaten, Edith's heart will ever acknowledge him, while he is true to honour and to love.

SONG.—EDITH.

Oh! never can the laddie prove
 To honour false whose love is true!
 His breast no sordid passions move,
 Where valour and affection grew.
 The sons of Mars from Venus' dove
 Protection find beneath her wing;—
 The weapon she suspends above
 Who's true to honour and his king.
 Each valiant heart strives best to prove
 The bright claymore and broad sword's ring;
 He never can be false in love
 Who's true to honour and his king!

He boldly dares the battle's rage,
 The waving banner cheers him on;
 With shining swords they close engage,
 Resistless on the steel-clad throng.
 Each valiant heart strives best to prove,
 The bright claymore and broad sword's ring;
 He never can be false in love
 Who's true to honour and his king!

[Exit, R. H.]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Hut.

A pole supports the roof, which is flat and practicable. A large fire, table, &c. window and door; a hole at the top. A confused noise, as if of disagreement. HENRY and BALFOUR enter hastily from the opening, across which is drawn a rug, or some covering, R. H. U. E.

Balf. Whither are you going?

Henry. Anywhere: I care not whither; but here I will abide no longer.

Balf. Art thou so soon weary, young man? Thy hand is but now put to the plough, and wouldst thou already abandon it? Is this thy adherence to the cause of thy father?

Henry. No cause can prosper so conducted. One party declares for the ravings of a blood-thirsty madman; another leader is an old scholastic pedant; a third —

Balf. Is a desperate homicide, thou wouldst say, like

John Balfour, of Burley. Come, come, Henry, thou must not leave the cause for one wild word. Our assembly will be shortly reduced to such a number as can consult and act together; and in them thou shalt have a free voice, as well in ordering our military affairs as in protecting, to whom mercy should be shewn. Art thou now satisfied?

Henry. On these conditions only. No slaughter after quarter asked, or execution without trial. Grant to me the care of your prisoner, Lord Evandale: I pledge my life for his security.

Balf. For the prisoner, deal with him as ye think fit. Dingwell, let the guard posted on Evandale be given up to the care of Captain Morton.

Henry. You have my thanks.

Balf. I must now be gone and inspect our force. The Castle of Bellenden is of too much importance to be long neglected. So prepare your men to join me at the place of encampment; for ere this day's sun shall sink behind the hills, must yon towers be in our hands. Dingwell, have an eye, — be watchful: I doubt this boy. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit at the covered opening, R. H. U. E.*]

CUDDIE at the door, knocking.!

Cuddie. What the plague do ye steek the door for i' this fashion?

Ding. Who knocks?

Cuddie. One o' the right blidd, Cuddie Headrigg by name, and a true sodger in the good cause.

Henry. Open; it is my man. [*Dingwell opens the door.*]

Cuddie. Why, brother, what the plague wou'd ye shut the door against ane o' your ain kidney?

Ding. 'Twas my order.

Henry. True, it was so; but now you are relieved. I appoint him centinel. You may retire.

[*Dingwell goes behind, unseen by Henry and Cuddie.*]

Henry. You have made good speed, Cuddie.

Cuddie. The worse luck for the poor beast. My speed will lose him many a pound of flesh, I reckon.

Henry. Well, well, have you succeeded? Did you see the Major? Saw you Miss Bellenden? Did she —

Cuddie. Whisht, whisht! Mister Henry, nae so quick, or ye'll quite *confusterate* my recollection. For gaining admittance, a boiling pot o' kail broth, that Jenny Dennison saluted me wi' a' o'er will be my witness. That I did gie

yeer letter to the Major this will vouch for me; — that I saw Miss Bellenden, her ain penning will testify.

[Gives the letter.

Henry (reads.) “ If your intentions be such as your messenger deliver’d to my uncle, let the end be whate’er it may, you have the prayers and sincere affection of EDITH.”

[Kisses the letter.

(Breaks open the Major’s.) “ My dear boy, I said it was all calumny. I am preparing for the intended attack; and while the old walls remain, the rascals shall never have to say they made Miles Bellenden surrender.” — The brave old veteran!

Cuddie. Ay, that he is, — as true a one as ever handled a claymore! But what, in the name o’ Heaven, can hae begot Lord Evandale? He is nae at the castle.

Henry. No, Cuddie, he is again a prisoner: he was surrounded by some of the stragglers, and brought back as soon as you set forth.

Cuddie. The de’il reward ’em! But ye dinna say so?

Henry. I have prevailed on Balfour to surrender his person up to me, by which I shall at least, save him from a cruel death, if I am not enabled to give him liberty. While Balfour is absent, and the rest of the leaders busy in debate, I would have some conversation with him.

Cuddie. And I’ll gang awa’ to the kitchen, and try to get a sup o’ something; for my stomach is in a sort of rebellion against the spirit, as my mither says; and I must try to overcome it. Oh, Jenny Dennison, if I had but some o’ that broth, I could make a better use on’t than ye did!

[Exit, R. H. U. E.

Henry. Now then to make Evandale acquainted with my plans; and, while the way is free, restore him again to liberty. (Goes to the door at the side and calls) Lord Evandale! My Lord, arise, arise! — it is the voice of a friend.

Enter Lord EVANDALE, L. H. S. E.

At this time DINGWELL enters at the back with others, who overhear the following dialogue: —

Lord E. Henry Morton!

Henry. I know, my Lord, it must appear strange; but I have no time for explanation. Your person is delivered over to my charge by Burley, — the moment is favourable, — no one is on the watch. A horse waits you at the door, — mount him instantly, and speed quick as the wind to the castle. If for your life, twice preserved, you rescue those

objects of affection from the fury of these enthusiasts, the debt to me is more than cancelled.

Lord E. With my life, I promise; but how, Mr. Morton, am I to regard you?

Henry. I have already told you, — as one devoted to my king and country! I but wait a fitting time to bring back these misguided men to their loyalty.

[They rush forward and seize on them.]

At the same time Cuddie runs on, and seeing what is going forward, hides himself, and during the early part of the following dialogue makes his escape, by climbing up the pole that supports the roof, and escapes out at the hole above.

1st Rebel. Make fast the door without! Seize on them! Fasten their arms! *[Music.]*

Henry. What means this outrage on your officer?

2nd Rebel. You are so no longer. You have conspired to deliver us over to the enemy, to set the prisoner free, and save thy own miserable life; but ye shall suffer death together.

All. Ay, ay, to death! Away!

Henry. Forbear yet a moment! Lord Evandale is innocent, — spare him, and let me suffer!

[They drag him back to his confinement.]

1st Rebel. This is the day of fast, and as yet our hands may not be upon thee; but, mark! when the twelfth hour shall strike, it is a token that thy race on earth hath run.

Henry. Merciless men! — will ye condemn me unheard? my crime unknown?

1st Rebel. We know it well. Prepare, for thy span of life flitteth fast away! Behold the hand of the dial! — one short hour is all that's left thee! It was our blood thou wouldst have spilt; for the which, thine shall flow in vengeance and in justice! *[Music.]*

They seat themselves round a table, opposite to the dial.

Henry, in agitation, paces the front.

Henry. Oh, Edith! Must I never again be blessed with the sight of thee? Even in death, I should feel some cheering consolation, were I but certain your heart was wholly mine! Poor selfish fool! why, why wish for that, which would embitter the life of a lovely woman? No, Edith, rather let me hope you never harboured a thought on one so wretched as Henry Morton.

1st Rebel. Why, why delay? Balfour may return.

2d Rebel. No, no; let the short space pass. *[Music.]*

Henry. To be butchered by the hands of fanatics! by ferocious zealots! without a friend to speak a soothing word, or give a parting look! Oh, it is insupportable! [Music.]

One of the party has, during the last speech, by means of a stick, put the hand of the dial forward. The clock strikes Twelve.

Henry. Horror, horror! villains! some one has hurried forward the fatal hand of the dial!

1st Rebel. 'Tis the hour. Come, prepare!

[Starting forward. Music.]

Henry. Hold, hold, if ye have the hearts of men!

1st Rebel. No delay, — bind him! secure him! Quick, quick!

Henry. Mercy! but an hour! One short hour is all I ask.

1st Rebel. Thy hour is past; — prepare!

[They are about to level their pieces, when a noise is heard.]

2d Rebel. Hist, hist, I hear a distant noise!

1st Rebel. It is the rushing of the brook over the pebbles; or the sigh of the wind among the breakers.

[Bugle.]

Henry. (In an ecstasy.) No, no, it is the galloping of horse. A rescue! a rescue!

2d Rebel. (Who has run to the window.) The enemy are upon us.

At this instant they are burst open; and Claverhouse and his men, followed by Cuddie, rush in.

Col. Have at 'em!

They are surrounded, but some escape.

Henry. Gracious powers! Claverhouse, Evandale! — quick, quick, — force the door.

The door is burst open, EVANDALE comes out.

Col. Evandale, my friend!

Lord E. Behold my preserver! [pointing to Henry.]

Hen. How, how came you, Colonel, to the knowledge of my situation?

Cuddie. It was I, Cuddie Headrigg, gave the alarm, when I saw that these wolves had gripp'd ye in their claws, I made nae mair, but just scrambled up yon pole, like a wild cat, and creeped out o' the hole o' top there; and as I was making my way towards the Castle, who should I run pop upon but the noble Colonel and his men. So I just told him the rights on't: off they set: I jumped up behind, toot-a-toot the trumpeter, and in less time than I could hae yoked a team

to a plough, gallop'd to the old barn here, just in the nick to save you.

Col. Honest Cuddie has given you the dispatches in fewer words, and in shorter time than falls to the lot of most of us. And I am happy to have been the means of rescuing you.

Lord E. Mr. Morton, the Colonel is apprized of your loyal intentions and of the infinite obligations I am under to you.

Col. I am truly sorry, Sir, that, at our first interview, my impetuosity prevented me from knowing you better.

Hen. That I may still further convince you of my fidelity, Burley and his men this night mean to storm the Castle, and retain it as a check upon the king's forces, as it commands the high road between Bothwell Brigg and Glasgow.

Col. Good! we must prevent the passing of the bridge; Lord Ross must ere this have reached Bothwell; and with our joint force, I have the most sanguine hopes of success.

Enter an Officer, at the door, in white.

Now, your news?

Officer. My Lord Ross, with his troops, are within a quarter of a mile of Bothwell Brigg.

Col. Good news, Evandale. Come, come, this day will, I hope, wipe off the stain of Loudon Hill, and give young Mr. Morton a chance of convincing his country how much I mistook his character.

Hen. With my best blood, Colonel, I will convince both you and my country of my attachment, or sleep the sleep of death on a bed of heather.

Cud. And, Mister Henry, ye'll think it nae disgrace, I hope, an' ye find my poor carcass by the side o'ye; whare ye fight will Cuddie fight; whare ye fa' there will Cuddie lay his length.

Col. To our posts then, before these miscreants are aware of us. All depends on gaining possession of the bridge. So to horse and victory! Promotion in this world, or a soldier's passport to the next! [*Exeunt at door in flat.*]

SCENE IV.

A deep Ravine.

Enter Balfour, Hackstoun, Clealand, and followers. R. H.

Balf. The villain! the base, mean-spirited traitor! what, deliver us into the hands of the foe, *he*, Morton do this? but he shall dearly pay for his treachery.

Hacks. I ever doubted him.

Balf. True, true; but this is no time for reproach. What force had Claverhouse?

Hacks. But small; and could you have been apprized, they must have fallen into our hands.

Enter PATON, in haste. R. H.

Paton. Arm! the royal troops are coming down the hills, in swarms, towards Bothwell Brigg.

Balf. How say you? Who leads them?

Paton. Claverhouse is joined by Lord Ross, and making towards the bridge.

Balf. By Ross! — it cannot be!

Paton. It is so, and Monmouth, by forced marches, is hourly expected to reinforce them.

Balf. Monmouth and Ross! then on this conflict all depends! Sound, sound the gathering call. [*Trumpets sound.*]

The stage is filled with Balfour's followers.

Brothers in the good cause, the day is arriv'd that makes you free! or binds you in fetters for ever! Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, or sell his garment for a sword. And woe to him that shall withhold himself from the great work of the good cause! Up, up then, and be doing! The heavens shall fight for us! And whoso'er would deserve immortal fame in this world and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let him, this day, or do or die!

[*They shout and follow Balfour off, R. H.*]

SCENE IV.

The Brigg of Bothwell, thro' which is winding the river Clyde, back'd by the distant country. The Bridge occupies the whole width of the stage.

The battle has commenced as the scene is discovered. The conflict most obstinate on both sides. Balfour, Claverhouse, Ross, Morton, Lord Exandale, very conspicuously placed among the whole. The bridge taken and retaken. The bridge is full of Balfour's troops in seeming triumph, a field-piece is fired at it. The bridge bursts from the centre arch, and the troops are precipitated into the water; Balfour is seen swimming; he climbs by the help of a tree that overhangs the river, and when he is hanging by the branch, a gun-shot hits him, and he falls into the water. The royal party are grouped in various striking situations as the scene closes.

REVISED EDITION

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the Board of Directors of the Bank of Montreal, for the year ending 31st December 1885.

The names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the Board of Directors of the Bank of Montreal, for the year ending 31st December 1885, are as follows:

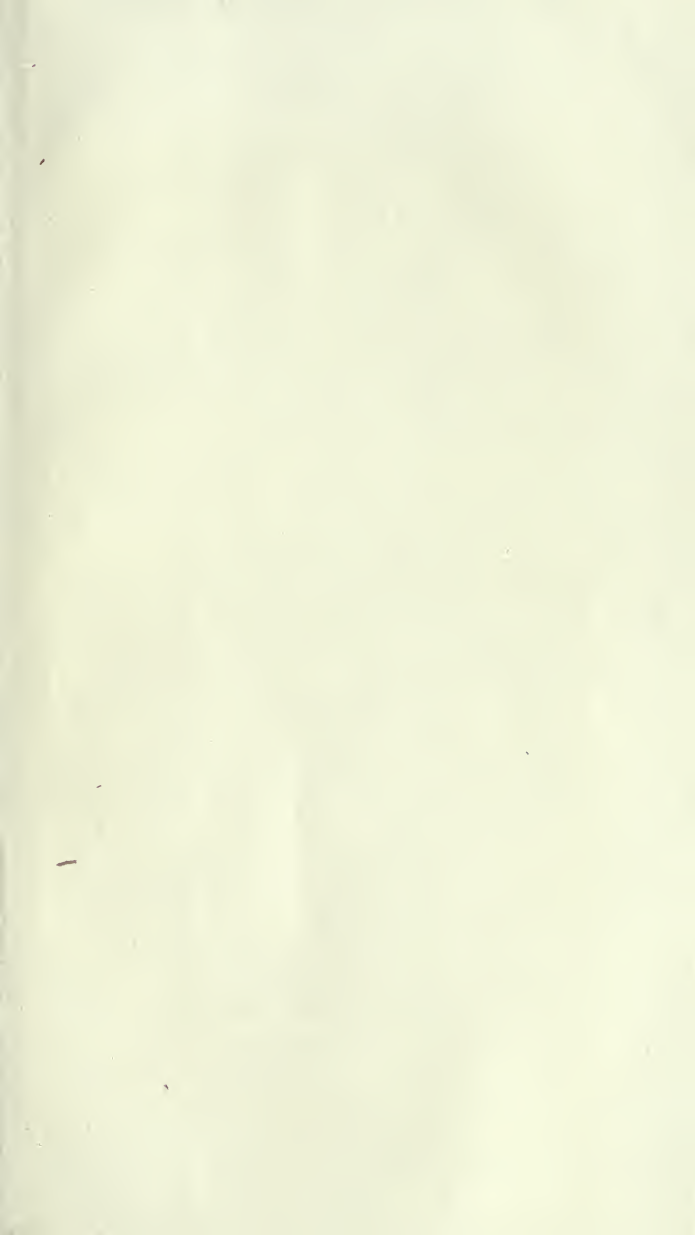
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